

Old Massa on his trabbels gone

QUARTETTE

WORDS BY

J. G. Whittier,

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MUSIC BY

S. K. WHITING.

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OLE MASSA ON HE TRABELLS GONE

S. K. WHITING.

The sentiment expressed in the following lines, exhibits the state of feeling which pervades the minds of the slaves in Virginia, whose masters having join'd the rebel troops — have fled at the approach of the army of the Potomac, leaving their lands and stores behind them —

Con Anima.

AIR. 

1. Ole mas - sa, on he trab - bels, gone; He leab the land be -


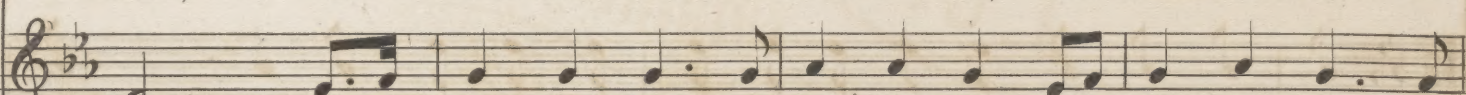
ALTO. 

2. We pray de Lord; he gib us signs, Dat some day we be

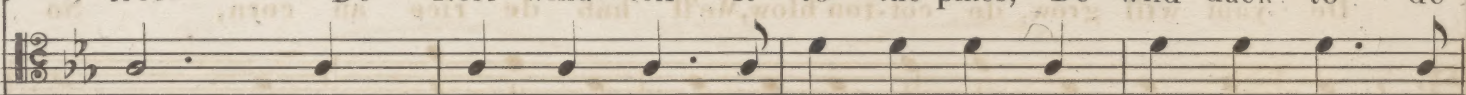
TENOR. 

3. We know de prom - ise neb - ber fail, An neb - - ber lie. de

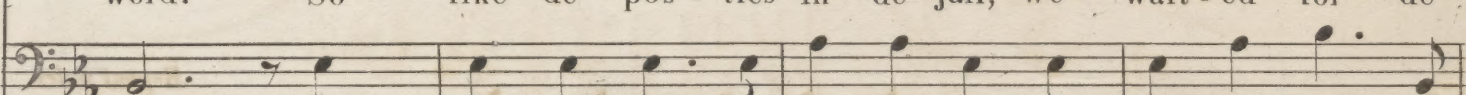
BASS. 

 *cres.*  *dim.*

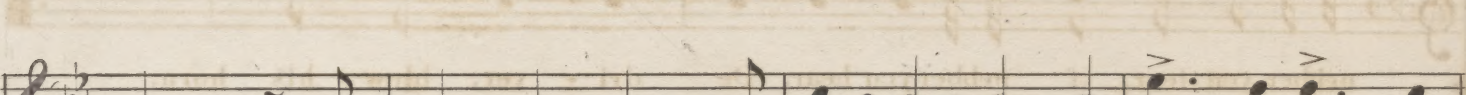
hind; De Lord's breff blow him fur - der on, Like corn-shucks in de

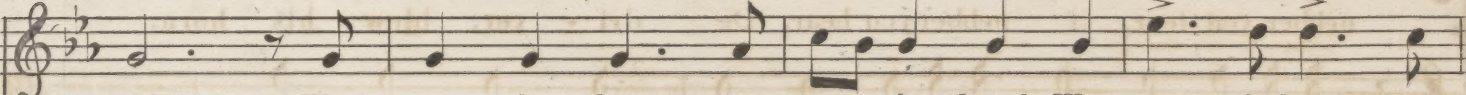


free. De Norf wind tell it to the pines; De wild duck to de

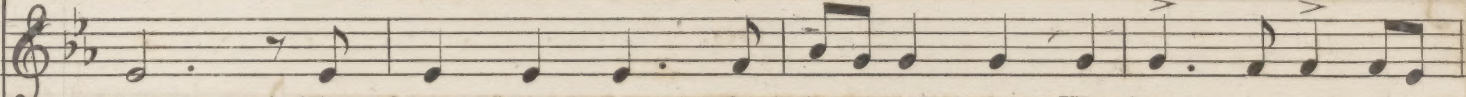


word. So like de 'pos - tles in de jail, We wait - ed for de

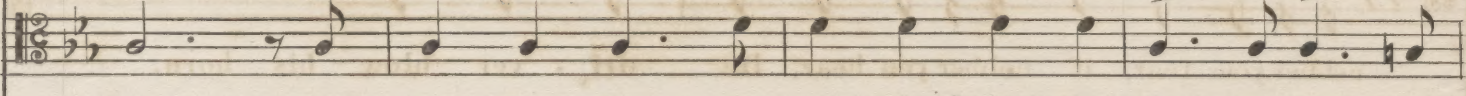





wind. We own de hoe, we own de plough; We own de hands dat



sea. We tink it, when de church-bell ring; We dream it in de



Lord. And now, he o - pen eb - 'ry door, And trow a - way de



hold, We sell de pig, we sell de cow; But nebber chile be sold.
 dream, De rice-bird, mean it when he sing, De eagle when he scream.
 key, He tink we lub him, so be-fore; We lub him bet-ter free.

Chorus. Not too fast.

De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an corn, So
 De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an corn, So

Repeat dolce.
 nebber you fear, if nebber you hear, De dri-ver, blow his horn.
 cres.
 nebber you fear, if nebber you hear, De dri-ver blow his horn.

Elizabeth Fisher Blair
Buxton
Maine